

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## SCIENCE WILL BRING OUR DREAMS TRUE

SIR RICHARD GREGORY has sounded a note which will strengthen the hope of all who dream of a Better World after this. His trumpet call to Science follows the Atlantic Charter and comes well in such company.

The Atlantic Charter would give all peoples and all nations a fair share of the natural wealth of the world; Sir Richard would give them the full benefit of all scientific knowledge and invention. He would harness science to the common cause of human happiness.

In seeking this end he is nobly fulfilling his mission as President of the British Association, for it is the main purpose of science to serve mankind and to secure the blessings of civilisation for all. It is the most unselfish of all our great professions. It seeks no dazzling prizes for itself. It works for the poorest wages. It is perfectly true, as Professor Huxley used to say to the last generation, that science offers a man praise but no pudding.

### Democracy's Mistake

It has often been said that our scientists have brought the world to this crisis by discovering the means and inventing the methods of destruction, but it is utter nonsense. It is right that the powers of man should be magnified by inventions, but it is for man to say to what uses he will put his new powers. If the scientist is free to seek the truth, as we insist he shall be, the ordinary people on whom he showers his benefits must be free to accept or reject what science gives.

It is this freedom of man to choose his own way which lays on governments and scientists alike so grave a responsibility, for it is a solemn thing to put these powers into the hands of ignorance. Perhaps the gravest mistake Democracy has made was to give men power before education. We do not give loaded revolvers to children to play with; but that is precisely what Democracy has done. All the more needful is it, therefore, that science should use its great powers to spread knowledge as well as comfort among the people, and we may hope Sir Richard Gregory's scientific fellowship will find a way to send knowledge like a flood throughout the earth.

### A King Who Owns No Slum

Sir Richard is a dreamer of the world. He is no mere Big or Little Englander, but belongs to the Universe. Let us keep what is good in all nations, he would say, in all faiths, in all religions; and all good people will wish it could be so. But as all reform begins with our own lives and all society begins at our own door, we must begin with our own country. Our people deserve that they should receive the full blessings that flow from science and invention.

It cannot be too often remembered that in these terrible days it is the people who will win the war by refusing to be beaten. The Polish officer spoke the truth superbly when he raised his glass to *The best soldiers in the world today—the people of London*. When the reward is given to the victors there must be a more generous share of life's good things and a great release from toil for all those ordinary folk who in peace have had so little and in war have given so much. Let it be given without grudge, as they gave of life and strength and of their poor possessions.

Let science give them more and more, as if she were indeed the Handmaid of Wisdom showering Nature's gifts upon her children.

In spite of all the bitterness one truth shines clear amid all the ruin about us. The bombs of the Nazi barbarians have destroyed so much barbarism in England that where it has been done without the loss of life and limb we can only be thankful that the dreams of our reformers have come true at last. It would have been better had we pulled down these foul slums ourselves; but as men cried in vain against all the vested interests in misery it was good to have them brought down for us. It is for science to see that slums shall never rise again, in country or in town. It is for our scientists to see that the



Salute to  
Freedom

construction of good and fine houses for our people is made practicable and cheap, so that they can be built in millions and laid out in such a fashion that they will be filled with light and air and set in scenes of beauty with trees as good companions.

It will be better if our people can have homes instead of barracks, and little gardens for their new-found leisure. Let there be an end of the petty notion that we cannot afford to house a brave people bravely. We can afford whatever is needful to maintain the prestige of our race. We have at last a King who does not own a slum; let us have a nation worthy of his example.

We must leave it to Lord Reith, no doubt, to see that the ideas of science are brought into

### This Kind World

FROM Kent comes this little story of the great kindness that still lives in the world.

A party of officials and councillors visited a hop-picking camp to investigate complaints that food supplies were not satisfactory. While they were waiting for a grocery van, one of the men noticed that a little girl was crying. He walked over to a hut to find out the reason, and came back with a doll which had lost an arm. For the next ten minutes he and an official sat on a box outside the hut, busy with pocket knives and a piece of wire, and before the van came the doll had been mended and the child was skipping joyfully round.

our people's homes, but we should like Sir Richard Gregory's science conference to draw up a plan of a model house, warmed from a central source, with hot water laid on as cold is, with no dark corners, no dirt-collecting traps, no mean little sheds in potty backyards. Of course a bath will be as compulsory as a chimney. It was the last war which gave the Prime Minister a bathroom in Downing Street; this war will surely give a bathroom to every new house wherever it may be built.

### Things That Could Be Done

And is it beyond the means of science to do something to cheapen the telephone? We should have millions more, but in spite of all the Post Office has done the telephone remains a social extravagance for too many of our homes. It would surely add to the amenities of life all round if this quickening of communication could be in every decent house; and surely the big telephone book with its millions of words and numbers could be microphotographed, and science could give a reading-glass to every subscriber.

It may be that science will think much of the children, and we may hope it will do its best to see that education is adapted to the individual and not merely to the mass. Cannot the child whose life is to be in the country, on the farm or in the forest, be trained in country crafts? Cannot our schools turn out good farmers as they turn out good engineers? There will be, of course, an insistence on the fullest use of films and wireless in the schools, every building with its central hall for both these wondrous things. If the Kinema is still the greatest idea ever turned to rubbish by our showmen, that is no reason why our educators should not show the better way to use it, and, as for wireless, it has within it the potentiality of something like a university education for all.

### A School Fleet?

Perhaps our scientists may think it outside their range, yet we hope they may interest themselves in the idea of the School Ship, which will take our children (the chosen ones, at any rate) on voyages round the British Commonwealth. Half a million travel scholarships a year and half a million voyages in the British School Fleet—what a marvellous thing it would be! In half a generation there would be such a knowledge of the British Empire in this country as has never been dreamed of, and who can say what would come of it all?

We should like our scientists to put a Planetarium in every great town and a Public Telescope and a Public Microscope in every town and a telescope and microscope in every school, and of course they will wish to see an immense development of our museums on the lines of the Children's Gallery in the Science Museum. They will wish to see our galleries, our libraries, our museums, our schools, all our instruments of culture, developed as generously as instruments of war.

We must thank Sir Richard Gregory for looking ahead and bringing together our wise men to add their quota to the Better World for which all this bitter loss, this untold sacrifice and sorrow, is opening up the way. If Faith points out the way, Science gives us the means, and well may we pray that they will march to the future hand in hand, determined that this earth shall be a paradise, fit for the dignity of man.

Arthur Mee



## TRIUMPH OF THE BACK YARD

### Five Ships a Week Saved

THERE can be few people still unaware of the imperative need for saving money, but the saving of all kinds of waste is no less important. Though much can still be done, it is good to record what has been done in this country, normally so prodigal.

The Controller of Salvage, Mr H. G. Judd, has calculated that the annual waste we are now known to be saving is equal to the cargoes of 250 ships. This, of course, is apart from the great volume of saving which is done independently of the Salvage Department of the Ministry of Supply. So we see that to 'Save Space on Ships by Saving Waste' is no mere catchphrase, but an absolute verity. It is a veritable triumph of the Back Yard.

The monthly value of salvage is now over £220,000, a staggering figure to those of us who think of waste in terms of dustbins. In 21 months to July of this year over one and a half million tons of materials have been saved in all ways and bought back by industry for nearly four million pounds. Among the salvaged items making up these astronomical figures were 417 thousand tons of paper, 393 thousand tons of metal, and 138 thousand tons of kitchen waste.

## The Confessor May Have Seen This Cross

THE Nazi bombs which first blasted and then burned out the church of All Hallows-by-the-Tower have solved a problem which has long puzzled our archeologists. They have revealed Saxon work of two distinct periods, as the bombs of the last war revealed Tudor work at St Bartholomew's.

For some years it had been possible to descend below this church and see Roman bricks (with the marks of Boadicea fire on them), and the destruction has now revealed both a Saxon arch constructed of Roman bricks, which resembles the 7th century work at Brixworth in Northants, and portions of a shaft of a Saxon cross which was carved early in the 11th century.

Twelve churches in the City were originally called All Hallows, which suggests a Saxon origin, because the Festival of All Saints was established by the pope in the 7th century. This All Hallows, which our good friend Tubby Clayton has made world-famous as the centre of Toe H, has for centuries been distinguished by the addition of the name Barking, the abbess of the famous nunnery in that Essex town appointing its rectors in the 13th century.

## THE FOUR Ts

One of our war aims has been well expressed by Mr Hugh Dalton, Minister of Economic Warfare, as being to put a stop to the Four Ts—Tyranny, Torture, and Totalitarian Thieving, in the enslaved countries of Europe.

## THINGS SEEN

A small pony eating his dinner out of a box in Lewisham Market marked

Direct Supply

A Blenheim bomber bouncing twice on the sea and flying off home.

The importance of this kitchen waste is underlined when we learn that many thousands of pigs are being fed on it by local authorities. All these pigs are helping to save the rates, so we may in future always look kindly on the portly creatures.

Up and down the land Save Waste campaigns are constantly being waged, with special emphasis on the need of paper. Please help all you can. That magazine lying idly in a corner, those letters you will never read again, the old receipts and invoices—get rid of them! They have a value now that you cannot assess. Your unwanted books are wanted now! They may all save life and liberty.

Salvage has become a highly developed science, which will surely play a leading part in the winning of the war. Take the little v from the heart of salvage, capitalise it, and make it your share of our great liberation, the beginning of Victory.

Now, Barking Nunnery was founded by Erkenwald, Bishop of London, in the 7th century, so it is not unreasonable to assume that All Hallows and the nunnery were closely associated for centuries before the Normans came. The newly-found arch seems to prove the existence of a church on the site twelve centuries ago.

As to the shaft of the Cross, a stone which is now proved to have formed part of it was noticed in the 13th century walls as long ago as 1926, but the other fragments recently brought to light have exceptional interest. They are carved with seated animals and human legs, and designs which differ very much from the Viking sculpture of the period.

Experts say that the carving on the shaft is English work of a hitherto unknown London school of sculpture. It is fascinating to think that Edward the Confessor may often have passed by this Cross and smiled at its carving of quaint creatures.

*This Toe H church is in great need of shillings and pounds in many thousands if it is to be built up again. Will some C.N. readers please send it a contribution small or big?*

## Street Story

This little scene, full of human sympathy, was seen in a street at Stroud, Gloucestershire, not very long ago.

A boy of nine, a little fellow not too well dressed, had collected an accumulator from the shop where it had been charged, and on leaving the shop unhappily dropped it and saw it break into a hundred pieces. Tears streamed down his cheeks, but they were changed to smiles in not many minutes, for the passers-by collected more than enough money to buy a new accumulator.

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE Post Office has forwarded more than a quarter of a million Christmas parcels, letters, and cards to the Middle East.

A firemen's rest centre is being established at Dr Johnson's house in Gough Square, off Fleet Street.

*Three days after Gunner A. J. Barker had saved the life of a chained sheep dog from a blazing barn in the Sussex Weald, she ran up to him barking, and led him to her four newly-born pups.*

A CHANCE word (used in Brazil) by the pilot of a Whitley bomber revealed the fact that he, his second pilot, and observer, all came from Brazil, where early in the war they had given up their jobs and joined up.

The Boys Brigade Diploma for Gallant Conduct has been awarded to Cyril Shaw, 13, of the 1st Knottingley Company, for rescuing a child in the River Aire.

*Summer Time is to continue throughout the winter in Britain.*

AN old patient of Manchester Royal Infirmary has paid it back by collecting £1000 for charities in street collections during the last 20 years.

To mark the centenary of the transfer of Sarawak to James Brooke by the Sultan of Brunei, Constitutional Government has been granted to the inhabitants of this British Protectorate in Borneo, hitherto ruled absolutely by a Rajah of the Brooke family.

*Some ingenious calculator has worked out that New Zealand has sent us enough butter during the war to make a wall six feet high from London to Edinburgh.*

JAMES SMITH began work as a boy of seven in a mill near Bury, and is still working in a cotton mill at 81, having been with one firm 65 years.

The Japanese lost... in their war on China has so far been a million dead and another million wounded.

*The inscribed stone to Blaise and Frobenius lies intact and readable in the ruins of St Andrew's Church, Plymouth.*

DOVER Town Council has refused the Board of Education's request to open schools for children remaining in the town, as they live under the muzzles of the German guns.

## Scout and Guide News Reel

CHICHESTER CAVES are now the Headquarters of a new Scout Troop and Wolf Cub Pack, formed by the boys who are among those using the caves as air-raid shelters.

A team of Guides at Hambledon, Hants, helped to plant six acres of potatoes and lift the early crop, which weighed over three tons.

Reading Sea Scouts have had to rescue so many people from the river that an appeal has been made to boating enthusiasts to be more careful and to obey the rule of the water.

*The Scout Thanks Badge has been presented to Mr H. Baker, who allows Poole Sea Scouts unrestricted use of the Poole Park Lake.*

OF 33 Scoutmasters in one district, 26 are on active service, yet numbers in many of the Scout Troops have increased. Patrol Leaders are carrying on.

Although the Girl Guides have collected nearly 800,000 cotton reels for the Anti-Aircraft Command more still are wanted.

## A City Beautiful Has Fallen

LOVERS of the City Beautiful will grieve deeply at the passing of Kiev, the Mother of Russian cities, into the hands of the wreckers of civilisation. It is pitiful to think of the Swastika flying over this fallen Capital of the Ukraine.

Surrounded by woods on hill and valley, its broad streets decked by avenues of chestnuts, poplars, and fragrant white acacias, Kiev points to the heavens 15 gilded domes of a cathedral founded in the time when our Edward the Confessor was founding the Abbey. It was at Kiev that Christianity was born in Russia, in the days of that 10th century chieftain called Sunny Vladimir.

Set where the River Desna joins the wide Dnieper, Kiev was, from the earliest times a place of pilgrimage for Christians and traders, the Christians to visit the caves below the cathedral, the traders to buy and sell in the markets. The Ukraine, of which Kiev is the capital, is rich in the products of its black earth, the sugar-beet industry having been developed greatly in the past hundred years. Sacked by the Tartar hordes 700

years ago, it was soon afterwards occupied by the Lithuanians and Poles, Russia finally annexing it in 1686. During last century the Vilna University was transferred here, and this century has seen the rise of research institutes, laboratories, and libraries. The ancient monastery has been converted into a historical museum, and the National Library is the biggest in the Ukraine.

Of the 800,000 people of the city over 140,000 were industrial workers, engineering being their mainstay. There are (or were) many fine buildings, the All-Ukrainian Academy of Sciences being a source of great pride. German bombs have wrought havoc in this ancient city, but its proud people, who did not hesitate to wreck so much, will return and rebuild it, making it an even grander sight on the broad river.

## 500,000 People Safe From Hitler's Claws

SO determined are our Russian allies that no quivering activities should mar their resistance to the Nazi savages that they have planned the removal of half a million German-speaking subjects from their 200-year-old home near the Urals to the far-off regions of Siberia, 1000 miles to the east.

These Germans are the descendants of 27,000 Swabians who were offered sanctuary in Russia 200 years ago by Catherine the Great. They thrived, and when the Soviet Republics were formed they were constituted a republic on their own account, their seat of govern-

ment being at Engels, and their country known as German Volga.

Like the German communities in South Australia and South America, these folk of German blood have little sympathy with the Nazi upstarts, yet Hitler will not let them alone, for he claims that every German, wherever he may dwell, whoever he may be, belongs to him and must come into his grip. Accordingly, those countries which have harboured and learned to respect these hardworking settlers cannot be too careful, and the Russians are making sure that the Volga folk shall be removed from all temptation.

## Has Influenza Found Its Master?

INFLUENZA, the uncomfortable disease which from time to time sweeps across the world slaying its hundreds of thousands, appears to have found its master at last.

For many years scientists have been searching for the micro-organism which is known to cause this disease, and now news has come that the Institute of Medical Research in South Africa has found it.

Dr Cluver, Director of the Institute, is confident that the right germ has been discovered, and that the vaccine the Institute is preparing will prove successful.

Recalling the havoc caused by the influenza epidemic of the

war year 1918, when more people died from this cause than from war itself, the Defence Department of General Smuts's Government urged the Institute to undertake special research for the isolation of the germ.

So, while war goes on destroying life, the scientists stick to their life-saving.

Great as are the contributions of the armed forces of this Dominion to the cause of world civilisation, we may hope that when the final reckoning is made no more valuable contribution to the future happiness of mankind will have been made than the conquest of this terrible scourge which knows no seasons and afflicts East and West alike.

## A BOY FROM A MINER'S COTTAGE

Born in a poor miner's cottage 64 years ago, earning his few pence selling the Bolton Evening News 54 years ago, Isaac Edwards has passed on, leaving that famous newspaper without a chief.

His career was spent in devotion to the paper he sold as a child of ten and to the town which read it. Isaac Edwards was one more example of a self-taught journalist who rose to become a great influence

for good by his writings and example. He was a great student of English literature.

He used to say that the most sacred spot in his life was the little church in which he dedicated his life to God at the age of 13, and that his most cherished memory was of his father asking the Divine blessing on himself and his brother, who is a missionary in Bombay and famous as the translator of the Bible into the Marathi tongue.



## NEWS ON THE WRAPPING

A greengrocer named Domvrosky is the hero of a story from Poland.

Domvrosky's business has been thriving since the Nazis invaded his country, for he has been selling other things besides vegetables. At night he became an editor, and would work away at a duplicating machine in the cellar. *On one side of the brown paper in which he wrapped his customer's purchases he printed B B C news.*

The brave man ran his wrapping newspaper for six months, and then the Gestapo broke into his cellar and found his equipment, and now he has been sent to prison for six years.

## Well Done, Australia

The issue of the Australian Hansard for June 28, which has just reached us, is likely to become a book prized by collectors. Inset among its pages is a notice signed by the Commonwealth Government Printer which points out that it is the first all-Australian publication, the paper, type-metal, ink, and printing machine having all been made from Australian materials.

## THE HIDDEN CROSS

The proudest possession of a 14-year-old French lad who escaped with his father from Vichy to Canada is the Cross of Lorraine.

It is differently made from those worn by de Gaullists outside France, and the boy tells how every schoolboy in his school in Vichy wears one under his coat lapel. De Gaulle is the Hero of the Liberation for all the boys.

The red double-barred cross of Lorraine on the blue background was chosen because the Lorraine Cross has religious significance as against the pagan swastika of the Nazis. This twofold cross is sometimes called the Patriarchal Cross and was used before the Crusades.

## HOW NOT TO DO IT

A reader who bears his share as a volunteer worker in A R P organisation sends us, without comment, a note on two of his newest discoveries.

Tenantless houses in his area, left full of the absent owners' furniture, when local guards sought to fill their baths with water, were found to have holes in their pipes from last winter's frosts.

A beautiful church was provided with a great receptacle for water for use against incendiaries, but the tank was three parts empty, and the water so full of leaves that at the first stroke the stirrup-pump would be choked.

## THE RIVER THAT LOST ITS WAY

A river that lost its way, the Gwendraeth in Carmarthenshire, is being redirected on its old course, which is being straightened and widened. By next spring, when the work is finished, a whole valley will be available for food production.

Once the river kept this valley in rich fertility, but when, for some unknown reason, the water left its course and followed a new one 500 acres were flooded every winter and two roads made impassable.

# Seventy Years On Fiji

THE British Commonwealth of Nations has many sorts of people within its fellowship, a great number of whom live in lonely places and are never heard of outside their own island or colony. One we have just heard of is Charles Bucknell, who arrived at Fiji in 1870, when he was eighteen months old.

His first adventure was to be carried off by cannibals as a baby when they swooped down on the Bucknell homestead, and they held him until his father gave up some ammunition.

Today he is a handsome grey-haired old man who has just retired from managing his 1500-acre plantation. Bucknell has not made a fortune, but he has

been happy and his thirteen children have grown up in Fiji. On the plantation they grew their own tea, crushed their own sugar, cured their own bacon, tanned their own leather, and made flour from maize.

Mrs Bucknell not only had to run the house, but to be schoolmistress to her thirteen children, and when correspondence courses were started she had thirteen sets of lessons to supervise. At five years old the children could speak English, Fijian, and Hindi, the language of the Indian labourers on the plantation.

Again and again Mr Bucknell came near to being rich. First of all cotton brought him money and then the market collapsed.

Then he grew sisal, for which he could get £88 a ton in London; then planters started growing sisal in Africa so cheaply that his market collapsed. Cattle and tobacco have replaced cotton and sisal with varying fortune, but whatever happened Bucknell remained the same, taking the bitter with the sweet.

Gone are the days when a native chief's well-meant invitations to cannibal feasts had to be diplomatically declined. This Fiji veteran is typical of the men of character and perseverance who live in the remote parts of the Empire and through fortune and misfortune help to build a free and happy life for their families and themselves.

## JOURNEY'S END

A correspondent sends us this story of what sometimes happens in a city of millions of people.

The other day two men in London, one a civilian and the other an officer, approaching a motor-bus from different angles, collided sharply on its platform. "I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed the officer, without turning his head. "And I beg your pardon, Major Blank," replied the civilian. "Why, it's father!" cried the officer. "Having two hours in town, I was just on my way to seek you out at the office!"

## FASHIONABLE WEYMOUTH

Boys and girls in Weymouth are looking smart this winter, a correspondent tells us. In spite of the rationing of clothes, many of them are exceptionally well dressed, some wearing expensive Teddy Bear coats, some having serge suits which tailors declare will last for ever. Both boys and girls are wearing cloth that could not be bought in England for a guinea a yard.

The explanation is that 25 Canadian factory girls have adopted an old lady at Weymouth, sending her parcels of clothes which she distributes.

## INDUSTRIAL INDIA

India is going ahead with her great effort to win the war. Her textile industries are producing this year about 200,000 miles of cloth for military use; and her forests are providing half a million tons of timber for the Army.

She has produced since the war began over 150 million rounds of small-arm ammunition, and has made vast quantities of structural steel, a production which is now being increased by 2000 tons a month by the use of scrap alone.

Steps are being taken to make India self-contained for high explosive purposes, and the first big plant has been laid down in this direction. By the end of this year it is expected that the number of Indian troops in all theatres of war will be a million.

## ONE OR THE OTHER

The signposts were never so much appreciated as now, when they are missing. Two travellers in Lancashire were at a loss to know which way to go; they found themselves back in a village they had passed through an hour before. Seeing an old lady at a cottage door, they inquired the way. "Straight on," she said, "till you come where the road forks. There are two roads. Take the other."

## Britain Shall Not Burn



Determined to be prepared for any emergency, these AFS girls in London are learning to handle a hose, though the actual fighting of fires is not part of their duties.

## The Stone-Pickers

ONE characteristic feature of agricultural work has this year been conspicuous by its absence: stone-pickers have nearly all been otherwise engaged.

Flints, which abound in fields overlying chalk, and form a maiming outcrop in meadows where animals graze, are picked up in normal years by women, for whom the work is hard and the pay small—28 basketfuls (one cartload) for a shilling. Even at that price experts pick 80 and

more baskets a day, but not in the sparser meadows, where the wage is a fixed 1s 6d a day. Munitions and other war work have this year claimed the pickers, and fields whiten with flints. Cultivation has loosened and rains have washed them clear of soil.

In some areas, however, the presence of a certain number of flints is beneficial to the arable land, for the flints help to conserve moisture.

## THE BURRS ON THE SHEEP

"I pity the poor wool-sorters who have to clean these fleeces," said a London visitor to the countryside as he looked at a flock of sheep whose wool was thick with burrs. His companion, a wise son of Yorkshire, familiar with the woollen manufacturer's secrets, was able to tell him that the chemist, not the wool-sorter, would clean them. The wool is steeped in sulphuric acid, which reduces the vegetable fibre to carbon which, when dried, is crushed and comes away as a powder. The wool is then steeped again in an alkaline solution, and is freed of all impurities and fit for use.

## Music Means More Milk

With the threatened shortage of milk, our dairy farmers might well purchase some gramophone records and play them to their cows as they ruminate. A Swedish wireless firm recently entertained 13 cows at the State Livestock Institute with music for four or five hours a day, and each cow produced about half a pint more milk in consequence.

## THIRD CLASS ONLY

From the very beginning the London tube railways have run one-class carriages only. It is not unnatural, therefore, that first-class carriages are to disappear from all trains plying within the London Transport area, and beyond it.

This third-class area covers Bedford, Bletchley, Hitchin, and Bishop's Stortford on the north; Witham, Upminster, and Gravesend in the east; Sevenoaks, Horsham, and Guildford in the south; and Reading in the west.

A special symbol identifying Third Class Only trains will be used at entrances to platforms and on departure boards.

## HOEING BY FIRE

The very word flame-thrower has a sinister ring, but an American cotton farmer has found a good use for this dreaded war weapon, and is using it to do the work usually done by laborious hoeing. The flame-throwers are fixed to tractors, and fuel oil and compressed air supply the flame, which spurts from jets and kills grass and weeds but apparently leaves thick-stemmed cotton plants unharmed. Many acres of cotton can be weeded in this way when only one was done before by hand-hoeing.

## A LOCUST IN KENT

A locust has been found by a ploughman near Herne Bay and has been sent, still alive, to the South-East Agricultural College at Wye. Isolated specimens have been found previously in north-east Kent on rare occasions.

## CHARLES STUART LEAVES TOWN

Charles Stuart and his horse, long hidden from London's gaze lest German bombs should harm them, have now disappeared altogether from their pedestal in Trafalgar Square. No longer does the king look towards his old palace in Whitehall, but reigns instead in sweet seclusion, serene and proud, in the grounds of Mentmore in Buckinghamshire. There, we trust, he will be safe from war's alarms. When the war is over he will ride back to London to stand as nobly as of yore, a proud and kingly figure.



October 4, 1941

The Children

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



### Let Us Sing

A DEVON reader who thinks it would be a good thing to follow old William Byrd's advice and sing more urges the revival of the old practice of family singing, and in support of his suggestion begs us to give our readers the three words John Stuart Blackie left behind him:

Three blissful words I name to thee,  
Three words of potent charm,  
From carking cares thy heart to free,

Thy life to shield from harm:  
Pray, Work, and Sing.

### TEN MINUTES TO GO

CONSCIENCE, according to Hamlet, doth make cowards of us all; it makes comedians of some.

The other day a C N reader saw a workman on a roof gravely descend a 40-rung ladder, walk halfway down the garden to where his waistcoat hung on the pergola, take out and scan his watch, then conscientiously climb the ladder to do a little more work. Ten minutes later his day was over and down he came for good!

### The Locked Door

THE C N has in years past pleaded much for churches to be unlocked, and it is happily true that few are locked against the people today.

But we hear of one sad case. A pilot of the R A F who had shot down an enemy plane tells that he went to the village church to pray for the relatives of the man he had killed and, the church being locked, he knelt at the door. It is surely one of the saddest cases ever known of a locked door.

### STORY

WE hear of a Home Guard section commander in the North (or was it in the South?) who was not satisfied with the condition of his men's rifles, and told them so in no uncertain voice. Producing his own rifle, he said, "Now I'll show you what a rifle should be like." He opened the breech and—out flew a moth.

## Under the Editor's Table

AN author says his favourite occupation is living. That is all he lives for.

SHORT people are, often shy. Need drawing out.

A COMEDIAN is always taking off his friends. Hope he brings them back.

A GIRL said she could get a job with the B B C if she knew how to pull the wires. Has she forgotten that the B B C is wireless?

THE woman who acts as knocker-up says it isn't hard work. She doesn't get knocked up.

THE wealthy man who said his allowance did not cover his rent should mend his ways.

SOME people like to have tea out of doors. We prefer cups.

### Peter Puck Wants to Know



IT isn't always easy to put up with your relations. Especially if they haven't a spare room.

A NEW ZEALAND hen has a habit of laying her daily egg in a fruit bowl. Nobody can break it.

NOBODY wants a split in the Government. Many people are ready to crack it up.

If we shall have short rations much longer

## THE KEY OF THE CAGE

IT is an old saying that the price of Liberty is eternal vigilance. However free we are, we must be watchful or we shall lose our freedom.

Often it seems that Parliament is dealing with trifles, but often trifles are important. At a meeting in East Kent some time ago a speaker said that "During wartime we must expect Liberty to be caged, but we must be careful not to lose the key of the cage."

A correspondent in this area tells us of three ways in which he has noticed ordinary people bearing this advice in mind and appointing themselves Keepers of the Key. It is interesting to see how this has been done.

Recently a suggestion made to a local authority was conveniently pigeon-holed by the authority and would have been entirely forgotten but for one member who persisted in asking for information about it at meeting after meeting, so keeping the suggestion alive.

In the same district a farm-worker was told by his employer that he could not leave his job to find work on another farm. This mis-statement was repeated by an ignorant clerk of the Ministry of Labour, but somebody gave the man the correct information that he could leave his job if he wished to do so, as long as he remained in the agricultural industry.

At another meeting a chairman, unduly conscious of his own importance, said that a certain thing would never be done while he was in the chair, and was promptly reminded that the decision rested with the majority whether he remained in the chair or not!

So people in every corner of the land, often enough unknown men and women, are taking care that the key of the cage in which Liberty is locked "for the duration" is not lost.

### ALL FOR TEN MINUTES

By the Pilgrim

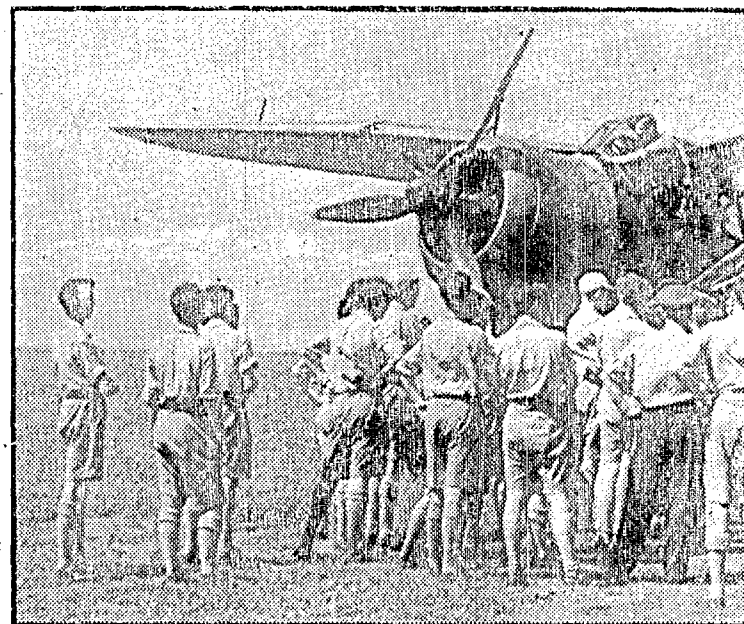
THE writer gave up his seat in the bus to a little harassed woman.

"Thanks very much," she murmured, as she sat down. "I'm dead beat! Do you know, Sunday's the only day I don't go out to scrub other people's floors, and the only day I cook a dinner. And now, with Jim being in hospital, I have to leave home at one and walk two miles to catch a bus, and mebbe stand in a queue, and then stand all the way to the hospital, and going home I have to fight to get on, and it's a struggle and a harass from beginning to end."

She paused for breath. "And it's all so that I can see Jim for not more than ten minutes," she added. Then, smiling, she said: "But it's worth it."

### JUST AN IDEA

The best and most important part of every man's education, as Gibbon said, is that which he gives himself.



Schoolboys belonging to the Air Training Corps

## A THRILLING BIT OF WORK

Diamond experts in New York held their breath the other day as they watched the third biggest diamond in the world being cut in two.

It was the President Vargas Diamond, and the two-and-a-half-inch cut was a million dollar gamble, for the diamond might easily have shattered into a thousand fragments. For a year experts have been studying the best way of cutting this stone, and it was finally decided that the minimum of waste would be 40 per cent of the diamond, or about 300 out of 726 carats.

## Santa Claus & Co

Ten American business men in the city of Milwaukee needed a hobby. They worked hard all day making money, and thought it would be a splendid idea to work hard in the evenings too—making toys for poor children.

Being Americans, they were not satisfied until they were working on mass-production principles, with one man designing the toys, another cutting them out, others assembling, painting, and so on. They have become so enthusiastic over their scheme that they now hope to start toy factories to provide work for unemployed.

The toys will be distributed at Christmas by the clergy and orphanages.

## GOOD DOG

We are told that at a Red Cross Garden Party in Canada a boy was trying to sell a pup for 25 cents. He was saying what a splendid dog he was, pedigree, habits, distemper-cured, everything wonderful.

A lady made a bid for the dog, saying she would call him Winston Churchill. "No," said the boy, "don't do that. He is a splendid dog, but he isn't as good as that."

## A Great Meteorite

The fifth biggest meteorite known in America has just been found by a Georgia farmer whilst ploughing his cotton field.

The meteorite, which weighs 1760 pounds, is being closely examined by experts to verify their first reports that it is over 15 million years old. It is believed that it must have fallen when the area was covered by a lake as it was found only a few feet under the earth.

## THE LAUGHTER OF Kabbarli is

They are all outside, talking so happily and laughing for joy. Isn't it good to come back to that sound?

So our old friend Daisy Bates begins a letter which has just reached us, the only one that for many months has survived the beleaguered routes. She thanks us for a cablegram of greeting sent in May, and tells of "great and glad news." It is pitiable to think of the gay laughter of these old friends of hers, the last of the original inhabitants of Australia, now passing out of the world.

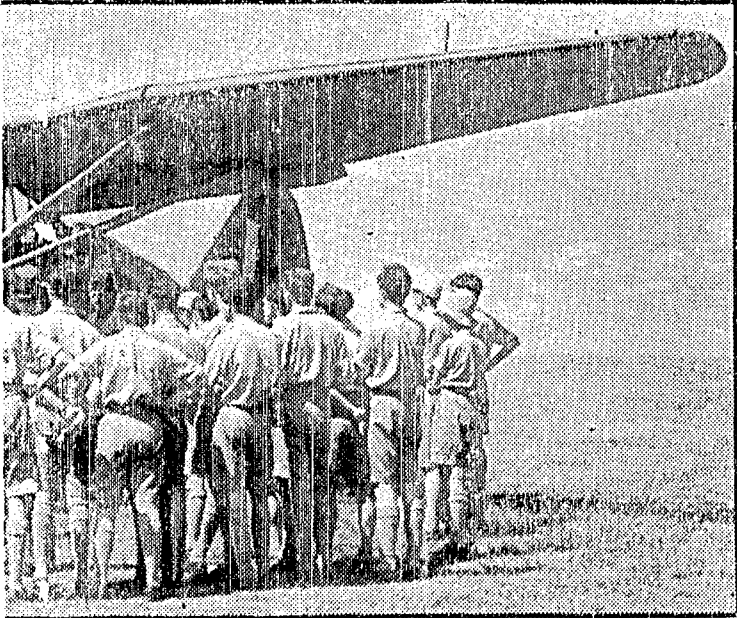
### Precious Records

Kabbarli, as they affectionately call her, is back among her old friends the Australian Blackfellows, cheering them with her loving presence and ministering to their sick ones.

Readers of the C N will recall that for two years Mrs Bates has lived beside a German colony near the River Murray, her only regret being that she had left the records of her life-work uncompleted at Adelaide. Last year she returned to her office in the city, and there until February this vigorous old lady of 80 put in strenuous daily work, rising at six in the morning and working on the 90 volumes of records in which she has set down the results of her 41 years' study of the natives. She would work till it was time to go home to bed, and always got up fresh and eager; she says.

When this precious contribution to the knowledge of Australia's native people was completed Mrs Bates yearned for more useful work. Her eyesight forbade sewing or knitting. "I could not see myself in any useful position, giving my best," she writes, "and then suddenly God made the opening in his own way and now I am back in camp, not to leave it any more."





gathered round a Lysander plane for instruction

## IF A DYING RACE Back Again

This, her last home on earth, she hopes, is where she will be happiest. It is on a little railway siding for settlers' supplies bearing the native name of Winbarainya, 100 miles east of Ooldea, where a missionary station has now settled. It is a lonely spot with no passenger trains calling and with only a few white settlers, who, of course, welcomed Kabbarli with open arms.

But even more gratifying to her was the arrival of a group of her old native friends three days later to welcome her on her return, and to settle down beside her. There was old man Yalli-Yalla to receive treatment for a bothering skin disease, his wife, and many native folk who were her wards and in her special charge as young people at Ooldea. Now they are men, glad and happy to be able to camp near Kabbarli, the old name which leaps thankfully to their lips again after these two years.

### Sharing Supplies

Mrs Bates has shared with them all the scanty supplies she brought from Adelaide, and sent back there for the feast she always gives on Empire Day—for she is a true lady of the empire; there is no woman in the world who breathes the spirit of the Flag more fervently than this lone Irishwoman. She writes to us that she suffers, as all Christians must suffer now, because of the wickedness and horror of what is happening, yet she ends her letter with the expression of her faith that God and King and Empire must prevail.

God bless you (she ends); you must have suffered as we are all suffering, but we lift up our hearts and work and pray. My dear love to Home, to our dear C.N., and to all our kin and kind.

## TEACHER IS ALWAYS Right

Teachers, we are told, are having trouble with children over the word conscript. The children persistently use the word as a verb, "to conscript" this and that, and when corrected answer that they read it in the papers.

That is true; and it is an unpardonable offence of the writers who so misuse the King's English. We do not subscribe to a fund, inscript our names, or descript a scene; we subscribe, inscribe, and describe them. So, when a man is called up, he is not conscripted but conscribed.

## Brighton's Rise to Fame

Many are the reasons given for the rapid growth of Brighton from a tiny village, but the real cause of Brighton's growth to a population of over 150,000 was the railway opened a century ago.

Sir John Rennie, son of the designer of old Waterloo Bridge, planned the railway, and John Rastrick, closely associated with George Stephenson, carried out the project. Rastrick built the Ouse viaduct of 37 arches 100 feet high, containing eleven million bricks, and the tunnels, which were lighted by gas lamps to cheer the passengers who sat in the roofless carriages of the early trains.

In 1841 there were only four trains a day, but the Brighton line achieved the biggest season-ticket traffic in the country, and the London to Brighton line was the first 50-mile stretch to be electrified.

But for the war the centenary would have been attended by great celebrations, recalling September 21, 1841, when flags were hoisted and church bells rung and thousands flocked to the terminus in Brighton to greet the first train from London.

## LOST POSSESSIONS

From a canteen notice somewhere in England:

LOST ??? - STRAYED ???

This canteen has been working just over six months, and the loss of tools is pretty high: Mugs, 325; Teaspoons, 85; Forks, 73; Knives, 51; Pepper pots, 27; Salt cellars, 19; Dessert spoons, 19.

## The Moral Power

AARON BURR was a more brilliant man than George Washington. If he had been loyal to truth he would have been an abler man; but that which made George Washington the chief hero in our great republic was the sagacity, not of intellectual genius, but of the moral element in him.

A. E. Dunning

## To This Old Globe

By a Miserable Wretch

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through pathless realms of space  
Roll on!  
What though I'm in a sorry case?  
What though I cannot meet my bills?  
What though I suffer toothache's ills?  
What though I swallow countless pills?  
Never you mind!  
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through seas of inky air  
Roll on!  
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;  
It's true my butcher's bill is due;  
It's true my prospects all look blue,  
But don't let that unsettle you!  
Never you mind!  
Roll on. (It rolls on) W. S. Gilbert

## OUR TEACHERS

THE wise are instructed by reason; ordinary minds by experience; the stupid by necessity; and brutes by instinct.  
Cicero

## These English

THESE English are the most interesting study in the world. Just when you'd like to hang them for their stupidity, you become aware of such noble stuff in them that you thank God that they were your ancestors. Walter Hines Page



# CARRY ON

## The Mind Called Out of Darkness

I owe to literature something more than my earthly welfare. Adrift early in life upon the great waters, if I did not come to shipwreck it was that I was rescued, like the Ancient Mariner, by guardian spirits, "each one a lovely light," who stood as beacons to my course.

Infirm health and a natural love of reading threw me into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages, to me good angels and ministers of grace.

From these silent instructors I learned something of the divine,

and more of the human, religion. They were my interpreters in the House Beautiful of God, my guides among the Delectable Mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of undigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, and bewildering doubts, when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness, like a new Creation. Thomas Hood

## SHINING STREAMS

ALL day long beneath the sun  
Shining through the fields they run,

Singing to a cadence known  
To the seraphs round the throne.

And the traveller, drawing near  
Through the meadow, halts to hear

Anthems of a natural joy  
No disaster can destroy.

All night long from set of sun  
Through the starry woods they run,

Singing through the purple dark  
Songs to make a traveller bark.

All night long, when winds are low,  
Underneath my window go

The immortal happy streams,  
Making music through my dreams.  
Bliss Carman

## If You Are Wronged

IF you are wrong, regret it. If you are wronged, forget it.  
Lord Fisher

## There's a Good Time Coming

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming:  
There's a good time coming, boys,  
Wait a little longer.  
We may not live to see the day,  
But Earth shall glisten in the ray  
Of the good time coming.  
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,  
But thought's a weapon stronger;  
We'll win our battle by its aid,  
Wait a little longer.

Charles Mackay

## THE BROAD LIFE

WE can't make our lives long;  
let us make them broad.  
George Wyndham

## The Bended Bow



There was heard the sound of a coming foe,  
There was sent through Britain a bended bow;  
And a voice was poured on the free winds far,  
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

HEARD you not the battle horn?  
Reaper, leave thy golden corn,  
Leave it for the birds of heaven.  
Swords must flash, and spears be riven.  
Leave it for the winds to shed:  
Arm, ere Britain's turf grow red!

And the reaper armed, like a freeman's son;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

HUNTER, leave the mountain-chase,  
Take the falchion from its place;  
Let the wolf go free today,  
Leave him for a nobler prey.  
Let the deer ungalled sweep by:  
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!

And the hunter armed ere the chase was done;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

CHIEFTAIN, quit the joyous feast,  
Stay not till the song hath ceased.  
Though the mead be foaming bright,  
Though the fires give ruddy light,  
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall:  
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall.

And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

PRINCE, thy father's deeds are told,  
In the bower, and in the hold:  
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,  
Where the minstrel's harp is strung,  
Foes are on thy native sea:  
Give our bards a tale of thee.

And the prince came armed, like a leader's son;  
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

MOTHER, stay not thou thy boy,  
He must learn the battle's joy.  
Sister, bring the sword and spear,  
Give thy brother words of cheer.  
Maiden, bid thy lover part,  
Britain calls the strong in heart.

And the bended bow and the voice passed on;  
And the bards made song for a battle won.

Felicia Hemans



## A Great Day in Papua

### THE JOY OF PAYING YOUR TAXES

THE new Administrator of Papua, Mr Leonard Murray, must be enjoying the reports he receives from the Resident Magistrates, one of whom has just reported how 186 natives in one village paid their taxes.

When the day for paying came these men felt that they were citizens indeed of the greatest Empire in the world, and they put on their best clothes, took the money out of their money-boxes, put last year's tax receipt in their pocket, marched down the hill three abreast, and solemnly stood at salute round the Court House before entering. Each man saluted the Resident

Magistrate (Mr W. J. Lambden), bade him a cheerful Good-morning, and then clapped their hands.

It was quite clear that they were greatly enjoying their tax-paying day, to which they had looked forward for weeks.

We may wonder what our Chancellor of the Exchequer would do if 186 taxpayers circled round the Treasury tomorrow morning, calling on him to appear at the window to receive their Good-morning and their next year's taxes.

Papua is a child in civilisation, but once more it is a little child who leads us.

## John Still Could Not Keep Still

THERE died last month at Port Alfred, Cape Province, a man whose life was anything but true to his name, for his name was John Still and he was the most active of men.

He was a Winchester boy, son of Canon John Still, and on leaving Winchester he went out to Ceylon as a tea planter, but found himself far more interested in the antiquities of Ceylon than in the plantations.

He began looking into the interesting problem of the buried cities of Ceylon with their marvellous temples, and wrote a book called *The Jungle Tide* which describes how cities and villages and roads, once abandoned by man, are in tropical countries quickly smothered by Nature, which will transform the country into a jungle and replace human beings by wild life.

John Still loved the animals he found out there, and visitors to his mud hut would find him living with leopards, bears, and even snakes and baby crocodiles. The natives loved him, and he was very kind to them.

He came back to England for the Great War, and went with the East Yorkshires to Gallipoli. His regiment was the only one to reach the summit of Tekke Tepe, where it was wiped out by the Turkish fire, four men alone escaping. Still was one of them, and he carried his wounded colonel on his back. He was three and a half years a prisoner of war, and wrote some poems during his captivity, keeping them inside his hollow walking-stick.

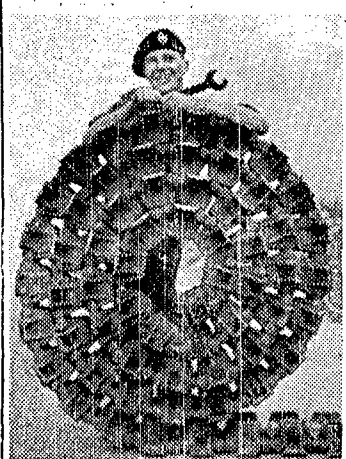
He was clever enough to write home letters which must have seemed commonplace to the

editor but conveyed valuable information to our War Office in London.

After the war he returned to Ceylon and his tea-planting, but he had no love for towns and cities, and came home to live on a farm he owned in Wales. Even there he was more interested in birds and bees and flowers, old names, old buildings, and old roads than in farming, and at last his health drove him to a warmer climate and he went to South Africa with his son and daughter. The daughter survives him; the son has been missing since he was flying over Athens last April.

Such was the restless life, touching three continents, of John Still, who fought for his country in Gallipoli, explored for the empire in Ceylon, and fell asleep in South Africa.

### What Is This?



The caterpillar track of a tank presents this curious appearance when rolled up

## A WASP'S NEST OLDER THAN THE HUMAN RACE

What looks at first glance like an uninteresting, reddish, flattened piece of rock is being given a place of honour in the Smithsonian Institution.

It is the oldest wasp's nest ever discovered. Eighty million years ago it buzzed with activity in south-western Utah. The fossil, in which can be seen the rounded ends of cells, has caused a sensation among scientists, for the wasps in this nest were the first earthly creatures to be interested in creating a community.

## SCOUTS IN A STORM

The writer overheard a number of Boy Scouts relating their experiences during a recent week-end camping holiday.

One of them asked a comrade how they had managed during a violent thunderstorm on the Sunday evening. "Oh, fine," he answered. "You see, there were four of us in our tent, and when we looked around for something to read we found a *Children's Newspaper*, which we divided up into four pieces and passed round. It helped out splendidly."

## OUR TOWNS GO FIGHTING ON

It is true of every English town, and every British town, that it will not bow to Force or Evil, and yet it must be said that every town has its own way of looking at things, and its own long tradition.

One of the most historic of all our towns is Nottingham, and we note that among our C.N. friends this fine Midland town (or city, as we should call it) is a good poet. We have been reading his ballad on the Queen of the Midlands, which begins:

*I'll sing a song of Nottingham  
From pagan days renown,  
For here the ancient troglodytes  
First hewed a cavern town;*

traces the story of the city through the centuries, and, bringing it up to General Booth starting the Salvation Army on a Nottingham kerbstone, ends up with these ringing verses:

*Across the world his message rang:  
Men never will be free  
Until they make escape from self  
And sin's captivity.*

*This is the tale of Nottingham  
And this our proud renown.  
We fight and die and rise again  
To keep a freeman's crown.*

*From Robin Hood and Little John  
A scarlet thread is spun,  
We never rest, we never yield,  
Until the Battle's won.*

*Gainst evil men and evil deeds  
For ever and a day  
We'll face all foes with angry scorn  
Till all things pass away.*

Our ballad-writer is Lewis Richmond, the present editor of Barrie's old paper, the Nottingham Journal.

## Turning Over a New Page of Knowledge

Bob Scott and John Lukenda are schoolboys who have been playing Red Indians in real earnest on Bear Mountain, New York State, ever since they began taking an interest in archaeology.

The other afternoon they spied a very exciting-looking hole in a rock by the banks of the Hudson River. They crawled through it on hands and knees, and then Bob gave a whoop of joy. They were in an Algonquin Indian cave!

Treasure that had been buried for hundreds of years lay covered with leaves and dust before their very eyes. It was not gold and jewels, but Indian relics—pottery, arrowheads, spears, and cooking things. There was a crude stained clay pipe with toothmarks on the stem; clam and oyster shells and fishing equipment showed that these old folk were keen fishermen who sought for oyster beds and sturgeon.

And so these two lads found what archaeologists had been seeking for years: definite proof that the Algonquin tribe lived in the Hudson River Valley before the Iroquois came.

### SCHOOL NOW

England and Wales have 4,644,632 elementary school-children, and only 28,306 are now without schooling. Moreover, 4,500,000 are receiving full-time education.

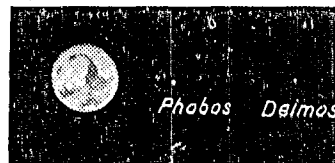
The Board of Education and the local authorities are to be congratulated on their dealing with a very difficult problem.

## A PLANET AND ITS MOONS

### The Remarkable Satellites of Mars

ON Sunday evening next, writes the C.N. Astronomer, Mars will appear very near to the Moon and towards midnight will be just below her; but, though Mars is now at his nearest to us and so appears at his largest, the presence of the radiant Hunter's Moon much reduces his apparent brilliance. When the Moon is out of the way, during the following fortnight, Mars will be seen at his best and in full roseate radiance; after that he will diminish.

Mars has two moons, both vastly different from our own, and named Deimos, which means Terror, and Phobos, meaning Fright. They are singular objects, with a most astonishing story, and the smallest moons known in the Solar System. Phobos is about 10 miles in diameter and Deimos about 5 miles, so Deimos could be comfortably walked round in half a day providing the pedestrian could hold



on, as the gravitational pull of such a small body is very slight. It certainly would not be safe to jump.

Phobos is much the more remarkable and speeds round Mars at an average distance of only 3726 miles above the surface of the planet. At this distance Phobos would appear about one-third of the diameter of our Full Moon and only one-twenty-fifth as bright, so not very illuminating for the nights of any possible Martians. Nor would Phobos last through an average night, because, most remarkable of all, it whirls round Mars three times in less than a day. For Phobos takes only 7 hours and 39 minutes to travel in its orbit round Mars, as compared with the 27 days 7 hours and 43 minutes which our Moon takes to go round the Earth. So in less than six hours Phobos will have risen, sped across the sky, and set again.

Thus it comes about that Phobos travels faster than Mars rotates, the only instance known of such a thing; and though Phobos travels in the same direction as Deimos, that is, the same as our Moon does, yet Phobos appears to travel the

opposite way. Therefore, to an observer on Mars, Phobos would rise in the west and set in the east, periodically passing Deimos, and so giving the impression to any Martians that the moons travelled in opposite directions. That is, unless they had ever possessed a Copernicus or astronomers expert enough to explain the anomaly, which is similar to what we experience when we are travelling in a slow-moving train that is overtaken by an express going in the same direction, but much faster.

### Speedy Deimos

Deimos, at a distance averaging about 12,500 miles above the surface of Mars, would appear like a very bright star; as does Jupiter to us. But Deimos takes 1 day 6 hours and 18 minutes to revolve round Mars, and so appears to travel quickly among the stars.

The existence of these two moons was not known until the year 1877, when Professor Asaph Hall at the Washington Observatory discovered them. It is, however, very surprising that Dean Swift stated as early as 1720 in his famous *Gulliver's Travels* that Mars possessed two moons, and he was also remarkably near to the actual facts as regards their relative orbits. Thus, in Chapter Three of the *Voyage to Laputa* Dean Swift describes the Lilliputian astronomers as having "discovered two lesser stars or satellites which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of 10 hours, and the latter in 21½."

Truly a most extraordinary case of anticipating an event. Almost enough to make us fancy that the spirit of Dean Swift had come from Mars! G. F. M.

## A Tale of Two Dogs

TWO dogs gave a lesson in brotherhood to the children at a Sunday-school picnic at Des Moines, Iowa, the other day.

The boys and girls had had a wonderful time fishing, and when dusk came they built a fire by the river. They were cooking supper when a dog came running up from the river, whimpering miserably. It seemed to want a game, and began racing down to the river bank and back again to the fire.

Then one of the boys realised that the dog was trying to tell them something, and followed it. At the river, standing among

the fishing-lines, was another dog.

It was standing so still that the boy couldn't think what was the matter with it, until he came closer and saw that it had tied to eat a piece of bacon that was on a hook as bait and the hook had caught its lip. It was a ticklish job to get the hook out; but the dog never moved and the young fisherman-doctor could not have had a better patient. A few minutes later the hook was released, and the two dogs, barking happily, ran around in circles to show their gratitude to their human friends.

## Treadmills in the Stratosphere

IF ceaseless care will do it, the skies will be made suitable for stratosphere flying by the scientific men on the ground. Half the problems are those of making the atmosphere of the cockpit safe for the airman; and Dr Randolph Lovelace and Major Edwin Armstrong are indefatigable in subjecting themselves to the conditions he will have to endure.

In the stratosphere tanks, enclosed with airlocks, whereby the ground atmosphere can be made

to imitate in temperature, pressure, and composition the atmosphere encountered at 30,000 or 40,000 feet high, these two scientific argonauts attempt to reproduce the flying man's experiences. They breathe pure oxygen, as he will have to do when six miles high. They try on themselves the effect of atmospheres of the thinness found at such heights, and in them they work treadmills at two miles an hour to find out the effects of exertion there.



# Sanger's Circus is No More

By the Country Lad

It was a sad parting with old friends that we attended in the meadows of Burstow Lodge, near Horley, Surrey, for there we bade good-bye to the last of Sanger's Circus.

Many a time when we were very young we had watched it come up in triumphant procession to our country town once a year, with a gaily-painted tall chariot bearing a Beauty Queen and her attendant maidens at the head, and other wonders following behind. There were the elephants padding heavily along, and the cages with fearsome lions or less alarming kangaroos and chattering monkeys, and strings of ponies, and many wagons, and at the end a trim little man, driving a dog-cart. That, we whispered, was the great Lord George Sanger himself!

## Great Expectations

And then we watched with growing and expectant interest the big cavalcade dispersing itself over the town meadow, saw the big wagons unloading their planks and seats and canvas; listened to the all-day hammering, and saw at its end the "big top" go up, the umbrella tent which was to house all the wonders of the show next day. Should we be able to beg the price of a seat from mother or father, or perhaps Uncle Tom, to see it? We must, and we did.

And what a show it was! There was no falling off from the expectations whetted by the trumpeting of the elephants, the hoarse roar of the lions, the walk round of the cream ponies, the day before. Before our eyes beautiful ladies rode round the sawdust ring standing on broad-backed horses, and jumped through tissue paper hoops while the ringmaster cracked his whip and the clowns cracked their jokes. Were there ever such funny fellows, especially that one who kept falling off his serious performing pony?

All are scattered now. The last attendance at the last

performance, when the elephants and lions and monkeys were sold by auction at Horley, was almost big enough to have filled the "big top" of other days. There were farmers and stablemen and grooms and boys and girls as of old, but they were like grey shadows of what had gone. One among them unknowingly answered one of our childish questions. He was a grave-faced elderly man with a grey top hat. He had been Bimbo the clown.

Years after those happier days, when we were grown up, we went to see "Lord George" himself at his home. He was older than we remembered him, and greyer, but as alert and lively as ever. He told us about his early days of hard work in getting the circus going, and how his wife had helped him. "She was my Lion Tamer," said Lord George. "She used to finish up by putting her head in the lion's mouth."

But Lord George was more ready to speak of his triumphs. He had received a Royal command to bring part of his circus to show the Queen's grandchildren on the Terrace at Windsor. "They loved the ponies," said he, "and I humbly begged that I might present one of them to the family. The offer was accepted, but before I left the Castle Lord Ponsonby said the Queen would like me to have a memento, and what do you think it was? It was a big silver cigar box—as big as a coffin!"

## The Children's Friend

Many other memories he recalled, but the one I have remembered most faithfully is something he told about an early friend, to whose funeral he had sent a wreath. "On it I put," said Lord George, "Smiling face and happy heart." And that is how I think of brave old Lord George Sanger, whose smile and happy heart were at the service of generations of children.

## WANTED, A GOLDEN TREE

CHURCHES are never too shy of asking favours from their congregations, or from wayfarers who pause to enter and see their beauties, or to pray awhile.

There are walls and pillars to be restored, heating and lighting to be installed, pews repaired, a new organ wanted. Some favourite mission may ask for funds. There is no end to the wants of our churches, and it is good to know that people give, and give generously, to the

limit of their purses. But the old church of Walton-on-Thames includes a very unusual request in its list of Gifts Needed:

*A laburnum tree outside the east window of the south aisle, which in springtime would show its gold through the window.*

Who would not be touched by this plea for a Golden Tree? We remember many lovely peeps of trees through church windows, and nothing could be more delightful than the laburnum.

## The Lady and the Panda

EVEN in these careful days Ming the Panda gets his rations, as we have the best authority for knowing, for we have just seen a big parcel of green bamboo shoots which a kindly lady gathers for him and sends regularly to Whipsnade.

It is good news that the Whipsnade Zoo will be as large as life and twice as handsome when it welcomes back the days of peace. Zoos have always been favoured in England since Henry the Third set one up at the

Tower of London. He had warrant for his royal tastes, for kings have kept menageries for their own glorification since Tiglath Pileser collected apes and crocodiles and dromedaries in his park in Iraq 3000 years ago. Assurnasipal the mighty hunter of Assyria had 30 elephants and 370 lions; and in Egypt Rameses the Second took his tame lion with him into battle. The Persians named their zoos Paradises, in memory of the first Zoo in the Garden of Eden.

# The Lost Church in the Sands

One of our correspondents has managed to find his way in these hard times to the lost church of Perranporth of which the CN has several times written in the past, and he sends us an interesting note concerning it.

It is called the lost church because there is no well-marked track to it over the sand dunes. The foot leaves no imprint and, if it did, it would soon be smothered over by the constant drift. The nearest town is four or five miles away.

The church dates back to the 5th century, the time when the Romans were withdrawing their legions from Britain because

they were needed at home, the Goths being then at the gates of Rome.

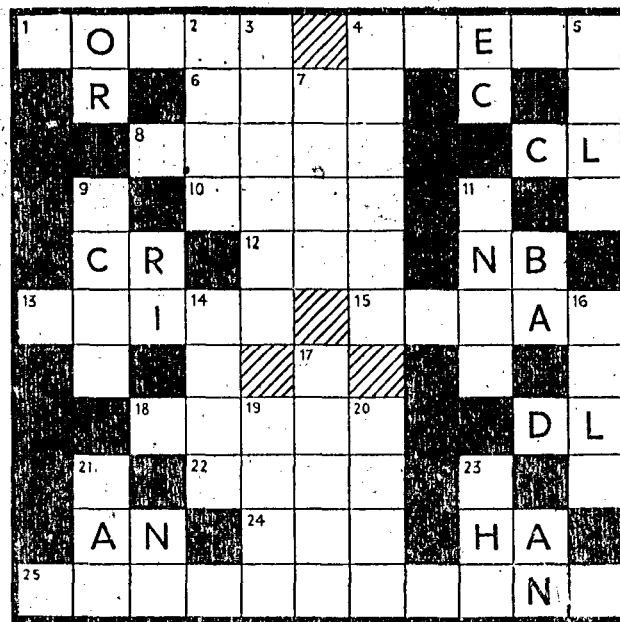
The building we see after our long tramp across the sands is not the original—the 5th century church is inside it, this modern structure having been put up to preserve the old one. The east and west walls and the side walls remain to the height of four feet, and the old altar-stone is still in its place. Once a year Holy Communion is celebrated, but there is room for only ten people as well as the priest.

Why there was a church at all in such an out-of-the-way spot is explained by the fact

that there were hermits living in the caves by the shore, or in rough cabin shelters among the sandhills. Wherever there were such hermits some pious souls would go out to them with gifts of food and clothing. It was for these that the hermits would build a house of God, as St Francis rebuilt the ruined church at Assisi and St Columba built a church at Iona.

Within the church of Perranporth, bubbling up out of the sandy floor, is a never-failing spring of water, refreshingly cold, and tiny ferns grow over the walls, though the traveller cannot find any ferns outside for miles.

# PRIZES for YOU in this KOLYNOS Competition



## DIRECTIONS

Here's a competition which will provide an amusing and perhaps profitable way of spending some of your spare time.

Write your solution in ink in the space provided or, if you prefer, copy the square on to a sheet of paper. Whichever you do, do not forget to put your name and address. Post in an envelope addressed to—

KOLYNOS (Dept. C.N.), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

Send in as many entries as you like, but each must be accompanied by an empty Kolynos carton or tube. Kolynos, the toothpaste which dentists advise, is obtainable in three standard sizes from all Chemists and Stores. The closing date is October 30th, 1941, and the decision of the judges in all matters relating to the competition must be accepted as final. The right is reserved to divide the prize money amongst those from whom correct solutions are received.

## This will help you to check your solution.

KOLYNOS has been (4 down) . . . . . by the medical (25 across) . . . . . and you can (7 down) . . . . . on this toothpaste to give you (1 across) . . . . . (13 across) . . . . . (4 across) . . . . . free from (15 across) . . . . . Use half an (11 down) . . . . . twice a day and you won't need to worry about tooth (9 down) . . . . .

**£3 FIRST PRIZE** **£2 SECOND PRIZE** **£1 THIRD PRIZE**

AND TEN CONSOLATION PRIZES !!!

## CLUES

- |                                   |                                 |                           |                            |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Not decayed                    | 13. Teeth should be this colour | 2. Tidy                   | 16. A sharp cry            |
| 4. Should be cleaned with Kolynos | 15. To rot                      | 3. To split up into parts | 17. Useful in gardens      |
| 6. What Ireland is now called     | 18. Nice for breakfast          | 4. Examined               | 19. To draw near           |
| 8. Often formed by the sea        | 22. To assume an attitude       | 5. Part of a ship         | 20. Used for catching fish |
| 10. To raise on end               | 24. Encountered                 | 7. To depend on           | 21. Used on the roads      |
| 12. To stain or colour            | 25. Occupations                 | 9. A gnawing pain         | 23. Which person?          |
|                                   |                                 | 11. A small measure       |                            |
|                                   |                                 | 14. A snare               |                            |

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**  
THE ECONOMICAL TOOTHPASTE



## AS THE CROW FLIES

A SOLDIER after a long tramp met a countryman and asked how far it was to a certain camp. "About four miles as the crow flies," was the reply.

"Well," said the soldier, "supposing the crow had to walk with a sore heel carrying a rifle, a pack, a tin helmet, and a gas-mask, how far would it be then?"

## Built-up Names

A LARGE bird and a big stretch of water give a town in Wales.

Winnings and a name given to important towns give an English painter.

A liquid and a crossing give an Irish county.

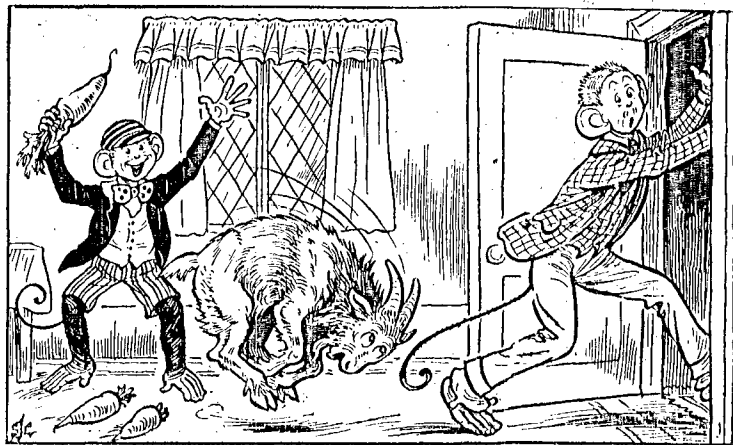
A dangerous weapon and a reply meaning yes give a big Eastern port.

A metal and the man who works it give a famous author.

Answer next week

## THE BRAN TUB

## Jacko's New Pet



JACKO's new pet, a goat named Judy, looked so miserable out in the rain one pouring wet day that Jacko brought it into the kitchen and fed it with nice, juicy carrots. Judy liked the carrots very much, but when Big Brother Adolphus came in unexpectedly Judy swung round and charged him. Jacko thought it a splendid joke.

## How Sir Robert Walpole Wrote His Name

UNDER the leadership of Sir Robert Walpole what is called Cabinet Government, with a Prime Minister at the head, first took shape. Walpole became a minister at 32, but made many enemies and was sent to the Tower. But from the accession of George the First his power steadily grew, and for over 20 years his story was practically the story of Britain. He was born in 1676 and died in 1745.

## QUEER PLACE

Tis midnight, and the setting sun  
Is slowly rising in the west;  
The rapid rivers slowly run;  
The frog is on his downy nest;  
The pensive goat and sportive cow,  
Hilarious, leap from bough to bough.

## NATURE'S NEWS REEL FOR OCTOBER

STRAWBERRY-TREE flowers  
Wheat is sown  
Swallows last seen  
Redwing comes  
Fieldfare returns  
Gossamer fills the air  
Hen chaffinches congregate  
Woodpigeons come  
Snipe returns  
Tortoise begins to bury himself  
Rooks return to nest-trees

## Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the south-west, and Mars is in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, October 5.



## OVERDONE

DINER: "What do you call this stuff?"

Waiter: "Mock turtle soup, sir."

Diner: "Well, tell the chef he has carried his mockery too far."

## The Daughters

THE wife of a French Chancellor survived him and reached a great age. She lived to see the marriage of her great-granddaughter, and it was of this girl that the famous Madame de Sévigné wrote:

If she has children soon then Madame Séguier will be able to say:

My daughter, go and tell your daughter that her daughter's daughter is crying.

## Why the Nose is in the Middle

SURE the nose has a most appropriate place, And if doubt into your noddle enter

Why tis assigned the middle of the face, I'll tell you, friend; because it is the scenter.

## SPILLS FROM THE GARDEN

WHEN the Michaelmas daisies and other herbaceous plants cease growth they leave quantities of dry stems behind. These are worth gathering, and, after the foliage has been stripped away, if they are cut into lengths of about ten or twelve inches the dry stems will provide excellent spills.

## DISAPPEARING TRICK

SAID a man in the City called John, This sort of thing cannot go on. My wage I receive Every Friday at eve, But on Saturday morning it's gone.

## A Well-known Book

A PRINTER was setting up the title of a well-known book, read by all boys, when the letters fell to the floor and were mixed up. Here are the letters: can you form the title from them?

E I O O O U B C N N R R S S  
Answer next week

## Ici on Parle Français

## Le Cheval d'Alexandre

Alexandre le Grand, s'étant fait faire son portrait, qui le montrait montant sur son cheval favori. Quand le tableau fut fini, Alexandre visita l'atelier, mais s'exprima pas content de la peinture, trouvant que ce n'était pas assez vivant, surtout le portrait du cheval.

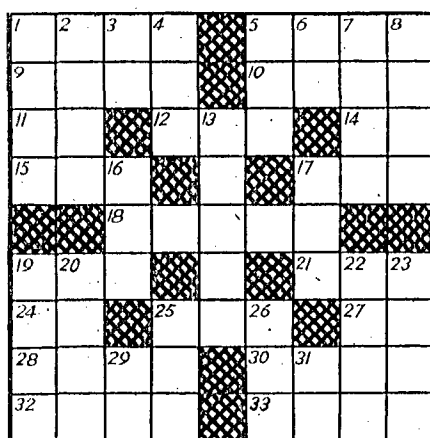
L'artiste proposa alors, qu'on amenât le cheval dans l'atelier, et le roi le consentit. Quand le cheval vit son portrait, il hennit à l'animal du tableau, comme si c'était un vrai animal.

"Sire," dit l'artiste, "le cheval de votre Majesté semble être un meilleur juge de l'art que son maître."

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

Arithmetical Problem. One present cost £6 and the other £2.

## Half-Hour Cross Word



Asterisks indicate abbreviations  
Answer next week

BEDTIME CORNER  
Bobby's Visitor

WHEN Bobby went to bed Mummy sometimes gave him a biscuit to take up with him.

One evening he leaned out of the window to listen to the birds. He must have dropped some crumbs on the sill, for one of the birds, braver than the rest, came boldly forward,



and picked them up. It was a martin, and it took the crumbs to its home under the eaves.

After that Bobby took care to drop more crumbs for the

little bird who shared his supper with him.

Bobby's new friend grew so tame that it would perch on his hand. That was in spring. All through the summer this went on. And then came autumn, and one day when Bobby ran up to his room to fetch a book he heard such a twittering outside that he ran to see what it was all about. The air seemed full of birds: there was quite a cloud of them, circling round and round, crying out, and flapping their pretty wings, with the white feathers underneath, in the sunshine.

Bobby couldn't make out what it all meant; and while he stood wondering Daddy came up behind him.

"They're on the go, son," he said.

"Where to?" asked Bobby, looking puzzled.

"Down South—to a warmer climate, for the winter," Daddy told him.

"And shan't I ever see my little bird again?" cried Bobby in dismay.

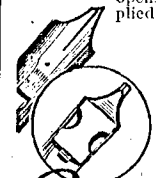
"You may," said Daddy; "they'll be back in the spring—and sometimes," he added, "a bird will come back to its old nest."

"Oh, I do hope mine will!" said Bobby.

And so do we.

## "FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inqueduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477466) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib, "Inqueduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.



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